

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XXV.—NO. 11.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, THURSDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 17, 1892.

PRICE, 3 CENTS

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Push the Spring Goods.

The good times of '92 are here! good times and a brave outlook for our own great business. In fashioning, making, quality—Wanamaker & Brown Spring Clothing is surpassingly good. Three-fourths of the selling Good Clothing at fair prices lies in the manufacturing. It can't be done by a store that doesn't.

We manufacture on the same great scale as wholesalers; don't sell any of our clothing except to you who put it right on your back; and then have enough to do to sell it as low as we do and make it as good as we do.

We buy much cloth at the cloth-mill's doors. We have it cut by our own cutters, under our eyes. We have it made by our own careful workpeople. Every needless expense of selling is cut off. Our offer of Railroad Excursion Fare on top of all.

New Spring Specialties in Ten Dollar Overcoats New Spring Specialties in Twelve Dollar Overcoats.

Handsome—the fitting and tailoring great. Silk Lined—Fifteen and rising in price. Spring Suits—New features and qualities, \$10. Better—\$12, \$15—the cloth much better. The finest qualities fully represented.

Don't lose sight of it—Our business is directly with the consumer. We cut the cost down by manufacturing. We sell at the lowest prices because we manufacture. It makes a difference of dollars to you.

Wanamaker & Brown,
Sixth and Market, Philadelphia.

For example, we pay Railroad Excursion Fare from Middletown if you purchase \$20.00 worth.

IMPORTANT.

EXCELLENT OVERCOATS, STORM COATS AND SUITS, FRESH AND STYLISH GOODS \$10, \$12. BOYS' SUITS, \$4. BOYS' OVERCOATS, \$3.

JACOB REEDS' SONS,

918, 920 and 922 Chestnut St.,

PHILADELPHIA.

Mr. Nathan R. Peacock is still with the above named firm, and solicits share of your patronage.

RICE'S—RICE'S
FRESH OYSTERS,
FRESH CONFECTIONERY,
FRESH FRUITS.
Best Brands of Cigars.

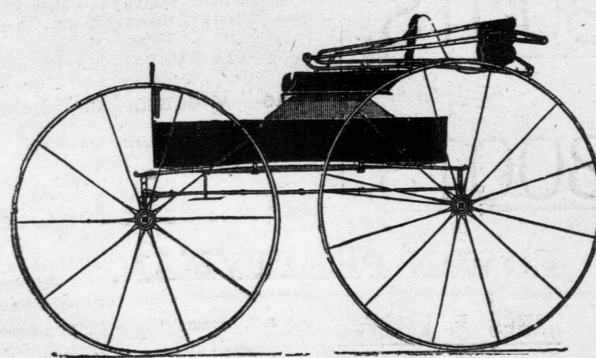
NO OLD STOCK ON HAND.

Our Christmas sales took away everything. The New Year finds us with an entirely new stock. Notwithstanding Christmas is over we will have in a few days a full line of toys. We keep them all the year round. Dolls a Specialty.

E. B. RICE, Middletown, Del.

DUGGAN CARRIAGE WORKS.

ODESSA, DELAWARE.



Manufacturer of light and heavy Carriages, for sale and to order.

PAINTING AND REPAIRING

NEATLY, QUICKLY AND CHAPLAIN DOLLY

Prices Moderate and Satisfaction Assured.

Correspondence solicited.

F. DUGGAN, Proprietor.

Miscellaneous Adv's.



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Government Food Report.

Where Ignorance is Bliss

It is Folly

To be Wise.

ASK the question. Why can't Parker make and sell Harness cheaper than any one that only makes and sells 50 to 75 sets a year? How do we sell from 100 to 150 sets a month? Surely it is not because they are good-for-nothing. The people are not all fools. A sensible sixpence is better than a slow shilling. How is it done then? Simply by buying goods from first hands, not from jobbers who must have the profit you are entitled to. Cutting and making them up in large quantities. Understanding the improved method—in short, being practical. Then again, which is the better, selling 75 sets of Harness a year at a profit of from \$4 to \$8, or selling 1000 sets at a profit of \$1.50 to \$2.50 a set? Don't you see. When I depended on a local trade, I was continually crying down other work than my own—too common, too cheap, not last &c., &c. The people bought it all the same. So I concluded I would make it for them. I claim to know something about the Harness business, and have some pride in my reputation as a manufacturer. That being the case, do you think I could jeopardize my standing &c? I know what I am doing. All manner of things are said and done in opposition to new methods. Why not improve on the Harness line as upon any other? What is the matter with the W. L. Douglas machine-made shoes? What is the matter with machine-made clothing? What is the matter with factory-made blinds, doors, &c., &c? What is the matter with factory-made Harness? Why nothing, only the price. Who could think of competing with our manufacturers of phosphate with a hoe. All I will say in conclusion: If you are needing a set of Harness or anything in the line, come and see us. We have hand-made as well as machine-made, and will sell you the goods in quantities away down. Our Collars, Ropes, Hames &c., come direct from the manufacturers at a quantity price. We will give you our sales. It is seeing our goods for yourself, and hearing our story, you are not interested, we will allow you to depart in peace.

When snow came during the first week of the new year there came with it a sudden change of temperature. The air was biting cold, and the wet chill crept up the streets from the East River and fastened itself upon the marrow of the tenement dwellers. The poorly fitted doors and windows presented little opposition to the fierce wind, and the snow was blown into rooms in long angry streams. And in at least one room the snow did not melt as it came; there was no fire in that room, no fuel for a fire, no stove in which to build one. The only warmth there, was that given out by the puny bodies of three spinning children—two sisters just old enough to have been tucked into snug cribs in warm rooms and kissed to sleep by loving mothers' and their baby brother.

It is a terrible thing to say that there were those living who were responsible for the existence of the little ones, and that they did nothing, absolutely nothing, to warm, feed and clothe them. There was a father and mother. The family had moved into the room during Christmas week. Moving was not a difficult task, for there was not enough household goods to warrant the employment of a single wagon. By turns the two little sisters carried the baby, wrapped in a ragged piece of bed-covering, and the mother bore the more important articles—more important because plates and cups might break and could not be replaced. But a baby—faith! That was nothing! So cheap does human life become when daily bread is something more than a mere form of prayer.

Meanwhile the father was drunk. He knew no intermediate degrees of intoxication; he drank to get drunk. The family had no food, but the kind-hearted people in the house fed the poor creatures from their own insufficient tables. They had but the bare allowance made them by the world, and they cursed the world for its meanness; but all uncomplainingly they divided with those worse off than themselves.

For a few days the mother sat in the room, crouched on the floor, a shawl over her head and rocking her body back and forth as she repeated: "Me man is drunk." "Me man is drunk." No one disputed her. As no one could say he was sober, the fact of his drunkenness was accepted without question. The two little girls nursed the baby between them, feeding him bread soaked in milk and water, or in undiluted water, to still his fretful cries. And they looked, with wonder in their large eyes, at their mother, for now she changed her cry, and moaned: "Me man is dead. Me man is dead." They had not heard that before. It was not so awful to them as being drunk, however, for that meant curses and kicks and blows; but death was a mystery, and—well, who could tell them what it meant?

When the wind was shrieking its fiercest and the snow-cloud whirling highest, the mother rose to her feet and went out. She was away all the afternoon. There was no comfort for her at home; there was no fire, no food, no bed. So she staid away. The little sisters huddled in a corner with the baby between them, and silently watched the snow sift over the floor in lengthening windrows. The baby cried unceasingly. Little Mary said at last.

"Do you think baby's hungry?" "I don't know. Do you?" replied Katy.

"I don't know," Mary answered, slowly. She and Katy were both hungry, but they did not say this. They had lived so long in their few years, and had been hungry so much, that they could accept it uncomplainingly as a part of life. But the baby, that was different; they could not condone his crying from hunger, for he had it all to learn.

By-and-by Mary spoke again: "I wish mother would come." "I do too," said Katy. I was lonesome. The room was darkening fast, and the snow, creeping over and past their feet, was so pitilessly cold, and it made such strange shapes whirling in the half-light. The mother would have taken no notice of them had she been there, but they would have found an appreciable comfort in her mere presence. They knew the value of small joys; large ones did not enter their sphere. They would have welcomed any animate thing, a big warm dog to lie against; anything but the fearful cold insidious snow.

Finally Mary slipped out of the room. "I'll fetch mother," she said, and was gone. She knew very well where to look, just at the corner where the windows were warm with yellow light, and a hot draught of air at the door. Mary pushed the swinging door and stood inside. There to her eyes appeared men standing at a long table down one side of the room, drinking out of glasses yellow and red and white liquids. They called for more, and talked among themselves; they were engrossed in their comfort. No one saw Mary as she crept down the room, and at the end, at a table, found her mother. The woman was sodden. Her hair hung in strings about her shoulders, her shawl lay on the floor, among the crusts and rinds of a free lunch, and she mumbled to herself inarticulately. Yet she recognized Mary, and drove her away by look and gesture. And the little girl crept out again, and returned to her sister and the baby.

Brave little girl! It was not necessary to explain to Katy why she came alone. She said nothing of the momentary warmth of the saloon that had set her chilled little frame to trembling all over. Katy herself was numb and blue but that was not worth mentioning. The baby was crying so querulously, so weakly, in little quick-drawn breaths. Mary took him into her own arms, but nothing she did could still his cries.

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Then others of the houses, men and women, came in to look upon one who had escaped their own hard fate. And they looked at the baby form, wrapped in a shawl, covered so lightly with the whitest snow and said softly, "Lucky little chap!" And they looked at Mary and Katy, alone, cold, forsaken and said, still more gently,

"WHEN I LOVED YOU."

Thomas Moore.

When I loved you, I can't but allow I had many an exquisite minute; But the scorn that I feel for you now Hath even more luxury in it. Thus, whether we're on or we're off, Some witchery seems to await you: To love you was pleasant enough; But oh, 'tis delicious to hate you.

A STORY OF 1892.

BY GEORGE L. PUTNAM.

THAT it should have happened at all is sad enough; but that it should have come so soon after feasting and good-will of Christmas and New-Year's gives a refined intensity to its bitterness. And yet it is but a single incident, and aside from its own pathos is capable only of illustrating life—actual existence—as it is seen by too many people in that vaguely defined east-end tenement district of this city.

This is a true story. It needs no elaboration that it may appeal to the heart. Invention cannot produce a more pathetic picture of little children wide beyond their years through adversity's pressure; imagination cannot depict a more hopeless, lost, cold-souled condition than that of the ill-favored men and women who gathered at the last to smile at the dead and sorrow over the living. It was Death's own pity that brought him to that poor room. And now as you read, remember Ben Johnson's words:

"Weep with me, all you that read This history; And know, for whom a tear you shed Death's self is sorry."

When snow came during the first week of the new year there came with it a sudden change of temperature. The air was biting cold, and the wet chill crept up the streets from the East River and fastened itself upon the marrow of the tenement dwellers. The poorly fitted doors and windows presented little opposition to the fierce wind, and the snow was blown into rooms in long angry streams. And in at least one room the snow did not melt as it came; there was no fire in that room, no fuel for a fire, no stove in which to build one. The only warmth there, was that given out by the puny bodies of three spinning children—two sisters just old enough to have been tucked into snug cribs in warm rooms and kissed to sleep by loving mothers' and their baby brother.

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For a few days the mother sat in the room, crouched on the floor, a shawl over her head and rocking her body back and forth as she repeated: "Me man is drunk." "Me man is drunk." No one disputed her. As no one could say he was sober, the fact of his drunkenness was accepted without question. The two little girls nursed the baby between them, feeding him bread soaked in milk and water, or in undiluted water, to still his fretful cries. And they looked, with wonder in their large eyes, at their mother, for now she changed her cry, and moaned: "Me man is dead. Me man is dead." They had not heard that before. It was not so awful to them as being drunk, however, for that meant curses and kicks and blows; but death was a mystery, and—well, who could tell them what it meant?

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By-and-by Mary spoke again: "I wish mother would come." "I do too," said Katy. I was lonesome. The room was darkening fast, and the snow, creeping over and past their feet, was so pitilessly cold, and it made such strange shapes whirling in the half-light. The mother would have taken no notice of them had she been there, but they would have found an appreciable comfort in her mere presence. They knew the value of small joys; large ones did not enter their sphere. They would have welcomed any animate thing, a big warm dog to lie against; anything but the fearful cold insidious snow.

Finally Mary slipped out of the room. "I'll fetch mother," she said, and was gone. She knew very well where to look, just at the corner where the windows were warm with yellow light, and a hot draught of air at the door. Mary pushed the swinging door and stood inside. There to her eyes appeared men standing at a long table down one side of the room, drinking out of glasses yellow and red and white liquids. They called for more, and talked among themselves; they were engrossed in their comfort. No one saw Mary as she crept down the room, and at the end, at a table, found her mother. The woman was sodden. Her hair hung in strings about her shoulders, her shawl lay on the floor, among the crusts and rinds of a free lunch, and she mumbled to herself inarticulately. Yet she recognized Mary, and drove her away by look and gesture. And the little girl crept out again, and returned to her sister and the baby.

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She gave the baby the benefit of every square inch of the worn old shawl, and held him close. She reached one hand out in the darkness and felt toward Katy.

"I've got something to eat," said she. The refuse of the free lunch made such a supper as Mary and Katy had not eaten for many days. And when it was swallowed to the last crumb, Mary proposed that they lay down, one on each side of the baby, to keep him warm. Katy assented, and the three little bits of humanity lay so close together that one human arm might have embraced them all. But there was no arm; even the kind dwellers in the house seemed to have forgotten them. And the very tears shed by angels weeping over their misery turned to snow-flakes that fluttered through the room, and lay cold against the sister's cheeks.

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By-and-by Mary spoke again: "I wish mother would come." "I do too," said Katy. I was lonesome. The room was darkening fast, and the snow, creeping over and past their feet, was so pitilessly cold, and it made such strange shapes whirling in the half-light. The mother would have taken no notice of them had she been there, but they would have found an appreciable comfort in her mere presence. They knew the value of small joys; large ones did not enter their sphere. They would have welcomed any animate thing, a big warm dog to lie against; anything but the fearful cold insidious snow.

Finally Mary slipped out of the room. "I'll fetch mother," she said, and was gone. She knew very well where to look, just at the corner where the windows were warm with yellow light, and a hot draught of air at the door. Mary pushed the swinging door and stood inside. There to her eyes appeared men standing at a long table down one side of the room, drinking out of glasses yellow and red and white liquids. They called for more, and talked among themselves; they were engrossed in their comfort. No one saw Mary as she crept down the room, and at the end, at a table, found her mother. The woman was sodden. Her hair hung in strings about her shoulders, her shawl lay on the floor, among the crusts and rinds of a free lunch, and she mumbled to herself inarticulately. Yet she recognized Mary, and drove her away by look and gesture. And the little girl crept out again, and returned to her sister and the baby.

Brave little girl! It was not necessary to explain to Katy why she came alone. She said nothing of the momentary warmth of the saloon that had set her chilled little frame to trembling all over. Katy herself was numb and blue but that was not worth mentioning. The baby was crying so querulously, so weakly, in little quick-drawn breaths. Mary took him into her own arms, but nothing she did could still his cries.

"I guess he's just cold," said she, at last. "I don't believe he's hungry. I brought mother's shawl, and I'll wrap him up in it."

She gave the baby the benefit of every square inch of the worn old shawl, and held him close. She reached one hand out in the darkness and felt toward Katy.

"I've got something to eat," said she. The refuse of the free lunch made such a supper as Mary and Katy had not eaten for many days. And when it was swallowed to the last crumb, Mary proposed that they lay down, one on each side of the baby, to keep him warm. Katy assented, and the three little bits of humanity lay so close together that one human arm might have embraced them all. But there was no arm; even the kind dwellers in the house seemed to have forgotten them. And the very tears shed by angels weeping over their misery turned to snow-flakes that fluttered through the room, and lay cold against the sister's cheeks.

By-and-by Mary stirred. She had been asleep. She awoke Katy. The baby was quiet. "I guess he's cried himself out," said Mary.

"Yes, he's cried himself out," said Katy. Then they lay down and slept again. It was morning when they next awoke. They jumped up and the snow fell from their thin little dresses and thin little legs on the floor. They looked at the baby, lying there half-covered with snow.

"How sound he sleeps!" said Mary. But Mary said, "I'm going to fetch somebody." And directly she brought in a woman of the house. "The baby cried till he cried himself out," said Mary. "And then he slept. But he sleeps so still!"

The woman was a good creature, and possessed an unfortunate sympathetic temperament, something sadly out of place in a tenement-house. Instantly she divined the case. "Yes, yes, he's cried himself out, and he's gone to sleep. Yes, yes. He won't wake up, dearie. He isn't cold, or hungry, or anything. He's just sound—very sound—asleep."

Then others of the houses, men and women, came in to look upon one who had escaped their own hard fate. And they looked at the baby form, wrapped in a shawl, covered so lightly with the whitest snow and said softly, "Lucky little chap!" And they looked at Mary and Katy, alone, cold, forsaken and said, still more gently,

"Poor little girls!"

A young man, educated, refined, who is living on the east side and trying to better the condition of these people, climbed four awful flights of stairs and came upon the group. There lay the baby's body. "God has taken him!" said the young man.

Miscellaneous &c.

REGISTRAR'S ORDER.
REGISTRAR'S OFFICE.
NEW CASTLE COUNTY, DEL.
January 20, 1892.
Upon the application of Alpheus Eaton Esq. of the County of St. Georges Hundred, in said county, deceased, the Administrator aforesaid give notice of granting of Letters of Administration upon the estate of the deceased, with the date of granting thereof, by causing advertisements to be inserted within forty days from the date of such Letters in six of the most public places in the County of St. Georges Hundred, requiring all persons having demands against the estate of the deceased to present the same made and provided; and also cause the same to be inserted within the same period in the Middletown Transcript, a newspaper published in Middletown, Delaware, and to be continued therein two months.

Given under the hand and Seal of Office of the Registrar aforesaid, at Wilmington, in New Castle county aforesaid, the day and year above written,
J. WILKINS COOCH, Registrar.

NOTICE.—All persons having claims against the estate of the deceased, must present the same, duly attested to the Administrator, on or before January 25, 1892, or abide the act of Assembly in such case made and provided.

ALPHEUS EATON,
Administrator.
Address: McDonough, Del. mar-2m

REGISTRAR'S ORDER.
REGISTRAR'S OFFICE.
NEW CASTLE COUNTY, DEL.
February 1, 1892.
Upon the application of Samuel Perinton Esq. of the County of St. Georges Hundred, in said county, deceased, the Administrator aforesaid give notice of granting of Letters of Administration upon the estate of the deceased, with the date of granting thereof, by causing advertisements to be inserted within forty days from the date of such Letters in six of the most public places in the County of St. Georges Hundred, requiring all persons having demands against the estate of the deceased to present the same made and provided; and also cause the same to be inserted within the same period in the Middletown Transcript, a newspaper published in Middletown, Delaware, and to be continued therein two months.

Given under the hand and Seal of Office of the Registrar aforesaid, at Wilmington, in New Castle county aforesaid, the day and year above written,
J. WILKINS COOCH, Registrar.

NOTICE.—All persons having claims against the estate of the deceased, must present the same, duly attested to the Administrator, on or before February 5, 1892, or abide the act of Assembly in such case made and provided.

SAMUEL PERINTON,
Administrator.
Address: Middletown, Del. mar-2m

REGISTRAR'S ORDER.
REGISTRAR'S OFFICE.
NEW CASTLE COUNTY, DEL.
January 11, 1892.
Upon the application of Richard W. Salmon, administrator of Richard W. Salmon, Esq. of St. Georges Hundred, in said county, deceased, the Administrator aforesaid give notice of granting of Letters of Administration upon the estate of the deceased, with the date of granting thereof, by causing advertisements to be posted within forty days from the date of such Letters in six of the most public places in the County of St. Georges Hundred, requiring all persons having demands against the estate of the deceased to present the same made and provided; and also cause the same to be inserted within the same period in the Middletown Transcript, a newspaper published in Middletown, Delaware, and to be continued therein two months.

Given under the hand and seal of Office of the Registrar aforesaid, at Wilmington, in New Castle county aforesaid, the day and year above written,
J. WILKINS COOCH, Registrar.

NOTICE.—All persons having claims against the estate of the deceased, must present the same, duly attested to the Administrator, on or before February 18, 1892, or abide the act of Assembly in such case made and provided.

CHARLES H. SALMON,
Administrator.
Address:—Summit Bridge Del.

REGISTRAR'S ORDER.
REGISTRAR'S OFFICE.
NEW CASTLE COUNTY, DEL.
February 1, 1892.
Upon the application of James H. Bucke Esq. of the County of St. Georges Hundred, in said county, deceased, it is ordered and directed by the Administrator aforesaid give notice of granting of Letters of Administration upon the estate of the deceased, with the date of granting thereof, by causing advertisements to be posted within forty days from the date of such Letters in six of the most public places in the County of St. Georges Hundred, requiring all persons having demands against the estate of the deceased to present the same made and provided; and also cause the same to be inserted within the same period in the Middletown Transcript, a newspaper published in Middletown, Delaware, and to be continued therein two months.

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J. WILKINS COOCH, Registrar.

NOTICE.—All persons having claims against the estate of the deceased, must present the same, duly attested to the Administrator, on or before February 18, 1892, or abide the act of Assembly in such case made and provided.

JAMES H. BUCKE,
Administrator.
Address:—M. B. Burris, Middletown, Del. mar-2m

Final Notice.

Ex-Payers of Penderod Hundred TAKE NOTICE.

will attend at GLASSGOW on Friday, March 18th, 1892,
Between the hours of 10 a. m. and 3 p. m., for the purpose of receiving all taxes now due and unpaid.

on Saturday, March 19th, I will be at my residence Summit Bridge.

WM. C. BIGGER,
Collector of Delinquent Taxes for Penderod Hundred
March 30, 1892. H.

Messenger and Freight Business

BETWEEN
Middletown and Philadelphia,

will hereafter be carried on by the subscriber.

Orders left at Wilson's cigar store will receive prompt attention. apr 17

ALFRED STEVENS,
TEACHER OF

MISS Addie Hazard

TEACHER OF

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,
(PIANO OR ORGAN.)

will begin Sept. 15th.

10 P. M. TERM.

MIDDLETOWN DELAWARE
2nd corner
FOR SALE.

2 Good Work or Driving Marees.
15 Nice Shoats.
Choice Timothy Hay.
First-class White Oak Fence and Gate Post.

Apply to
G. W. POLK,
DUMESRA, DEL.

NOTICE.

HORSES FOR SALE.

announced a sale of horses and colts to close in place February, but, having disposed of some of them at private sale, I would now announce to mountaineers and others among them are some cheap mares, a very good general utility mare, one very mare, bred to "Peterson," 3 years old, and good general utility mare, one mare bred to Longtongue, grandson of "Maudsion" or "Pilot," 227.

These horses can be seen at any time on premises of John V. Wall, near St. Georges, Del., Feb. 24th, 1892. feb-2

FOR SALE.

the Murphy farm, containing respectively 100 acres and 320 acres, both well improved, and will be sold on reasonable terms with the money.

Feb 4
GEO. W. INGRAM, A.

The Transcript

Thursday Afternoon, Mar. 17, 1892

COME, SWEETHEART, COME!

Come, sweetheart, come! Across the road
Are the great rocks that all must pass
You may not lay your head to rest
And though you cry, "Alas! Alas!"
No hand can help you in this hour
Westward, you make your way
But this is your allotted doom
This pain must be your very own.

The rocks are there, so cold and gray
Your feet are tender, they will bleed
O sweetheart, must you go this way?
Our hearts cry out, "What need? What need?"
But come, make haste, your name is called.
It seems in love and not in wrath!
You smile on us, and, unrepentant,
Go slowly up the narrow path.

Now, sweetheart, turn your peaceful eyes
The cold, gray rocks you crossed alone
Are lying green beneath the skies
By vines and mosses overgrown.
Repeat the tale to others' ears
Tell us that in the dark place
The path became as burnished gold.
And angels met you face to face.

—Ellen M. H. Gates in Youth's Companion.

A QUEER LAWSUIT.

Jean Renard was a poor tiler, of Grenouilleville, who had a wife and two children. Jean was no advocate of polygamy. He found one wife quite enough, for La Louise, as she was called, often led him a hard life. Jean worked with a will from morning to night; he was full of courage and strength, and yet, in spite of all the hours he spent on the roofs in company with laborers, he barely managed to eke out a living.

"The two youngsters, their mother and me," said he, "that makes four, and four stomachs to fill is not a small affair. It means—to work, Jean!"

And work he did, poor man, and yet never knew what it meant to have a few spare coins laid by in the corner of a drawer.

The winter of 1890-80, cruelly rigorous, as will be remembered, taxed the slater rudely. No work to be had; to warm his blood he was obliged from time to time to whip his arms back and forth, but work also would have kept his blood in circulation, and in addition would have brought in some of the money he needed.

Often at this time Jean Renard looked up at the high steeple of the old church of Grenouilleville. In many places the ruined slates had fallen away piece by piece.

What a lot of work there was to be done on that spire!
Of course it was dangerous work. Jean knew that, but he knew his trade too.

Long ago also the cock that perched on the summit of this spire had been blown down during a storm. The cure had often been asked by his people to reinstate this cock in his high station, and had always replied that he asked nothing better, if he could manage to do so without its costing him anything.

Jean Renard had an inspiration: "Suppose I propose to the cure to put back his cock for nothing if he will give me the work that is to be done on the steeple."

But the cure was a miser, and he replied that it made no difference to him if the steeple was leaky, as he did not sleep there.

"Repair as much as you want to," said he to Jean, "but I will not give you a cent."

The slater found this too little and gave up the affair. He knew, however, a grudge against the cure.

At about this epoch there was a change in the majority of Grenouilleville. The new magistrate inaugurated his rule by asking the cure to repaint the flag, covered with rust, which crowned the steeple.

"But, Monsieur le Maire," objected the cure, "you do not ask me if I have the money to pay for this work."

"Do not bother yourself about that, Monsieur le Cure," replied the mayor; "have the flag repainted, and the municipality shall pay."

"Very well, then, since you say so," replied the cure, none too happy at seeing the national colors float over his steeple.

True to his principles, the cure beat down the price, franc by franc, in making his bargain with Jean Renard; and when it was concluded, the priest added, "And it is well understood that nothing back the cock is included in the bargain."

"Oh, no," said Jean, "that is not understood at all. That you know, sir, doubles the labor; and also, the cock has to be put much higher than I mount to paint the flag. Placing the cock is a perilous job—so perilous that it is my life you are asking me to risk for nothing. No."

"Yes, my friend," said the cure, with an unctuous smile; "you will do that for the love of God."

"Do you say masses for the love of God, Monsieur le Cure? I consent to replace the cock, but you will add fifty francs to your price; it is worth that."

"Fifty francs!" cried the priest. "How you run on! See here, Jean, once you are up there, it won't be much of an effort to go a few steps higher."

"But if misfortune befalls me, do you think you, for the love of God, will care for and bring up my children?"

"Come! come! No more talking. I'll give you ten francs."

"Ah, Monsieur le Cure, you take advantage of my poverty. You know I must earn a living and so you get the better of me. In short, I accept for ten francs more."

The cure, delighted at his success, spread the good news through the town. At last the cock was going to be in place once more!

It was December and the bad weather still persisted. Jean, therefore, was forced to wait several days before undertaking his dangerous ascent. At length the rain ceased, by night the clouds had gone and next morning all the roofs were covered with frost.

"Clear weather," said the slater. "I can go to work today."

All the good folks of Grenouilleville were assembled in front of the church. In the large square to see Jean Renard hoist himself to the top of the steeple. He had in his belt three bottles containing red, white and blue paints for the flag, and to his back was attached the cock, resplendent in new gilding. He entered the church to pass by a window at the base of the spire.

When he appeared, throwing one

of his ropes over the first nook of the steeple, there was a murmur of consternation from the watching crowd, but terror became paroxysm when Jean, near the middle of his ascent, almost lost his equilibrium by the breaking of an iron eaten by rust. The upturned faces were pale with emotion, but the dexterous slater quickly grasped a higher hook.

Nevertheless, he was long in mounting. It was nearly 3 o'clock in the afternoon when he touched the base of the cross at the top of the steeple. He lashed himself fast there, to feet and body, and began his first work—the painting of the flag. In about half an hour cheers and applause broke from the crowd; the national colors floated over the steeple.

The hardest part, though, was yet to be done; the cock had to go up. Two feet more to mount; and to crown the danger, it was the cross that had to be climbed, that is to say, a mere bar of iron.

In December it is soon night; already the watchers saw but a faintly outlined form amid the mist of twilight, and they began to grow uneasy. How would poor Jean Renard manage now? He could no longer see to work, and was now in greater danger than ever.

Suddenly a small light showed in the darkness. Jean Renard, being a careful man, had thought to carry with him a candle. Soon nothing more could be seen but that tiny light, gleaming on high like a star lost in the clouds, and the anxious crowd began to disperse. Jean continued working.

On the morrow, at dawn, the early risers of Grenouilleville saw a frightful sight.

Jean Renard hung, head downward, from the top of the steeple, his feet still held by his ropes.

The unfortunate man had doubtless lost his balance, and in falling his work apron had turned backward, thus concealing his face. He no longer moved; dead, probably, some hours since.

The cure, who was at once apprised, expressed his sentiments in intolerable form:

"That fellow! Well, at least, he had put back the cock!"

"Yes," was replied, "but we cannot leave the corpse up there; it must be got down."

"That is true," said the priest; "it must be brought down, but who will do it?"

"That, Monsieur le Cure, is your business. Get workmen from the city, if you must, no matter at what cost; the body of Jean Renard must not remain up there."

Get workmen from the city—that was very expensive, and the cure hesitated, but it had to be done. Just then it was learned in the village that the priest had pushed his avarice to the point of trying to get his weathercock repainted for nothing, and feelings of aversion for him developed in the breasts of his parishioners.

A subscription was opened for the orphans of the tiler, and the same day 100 francs were paid in; little, but the people of Grenouilleville were rich in the eyes of the cure.

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When he appeared, throwing one

A MUSICAL GROVE.

A Forest of Trees Converted by Squirrels Into Gigantic Organ Pipes.
Harrisburg township boasts of a curiosity that probably is not duplicated in the entire hemisphere, and probably not in the world. It is a musical grove of chestnut and walnut trees. This grove stands on the north side of Nickerson hill, which is the highest point of land in New London county, and all the trees are old, and there are very few that are not hollow.

The spot is well known among local hunters as a resort for gray squirrels, and many hundreds of these animals are taken out of the grove every year. Into the heart of the trees the squirrels have gnawed their way through the knots and stumps of limbs that have decayed and fallen to the ground. In many cases the hollow shell of the tree stands, and if a fire is built in the hole at the roots smoke issues from a hundred holes above it in the limbs and in the main trunk.

The peculiar sound caused by the wind blowing into these holes has given the grove the name of Singing Trees. In the summer, when the trees are covered with foliage, the wind has no effect upon them, but in the fall, when the leaves fall to the ground, the wind whistles and moans and hisses through the hollow trunks and limbs until it seems to one a short distance away that a horde of crazy demons are holding a grand jubilee among the trees.

These sounds are produced only when the wind blows from the south east. It then sweeps over the top of the hill and falls upon the grove apparently as the wind from the mouth of a boy falls upon a hollow key placed at his lips, and the sound produced in many cases is like that made by a person blowing into the nose of a bottle multiplied a million times.

In other cases there is a nerve shattering noise as if a giant was blowing through an immense comb covered with paper. Breaking into these tones is now and then a short, shrieking noise and then a hissing sound, as if from the mouths of a thousand pythons in chorus.

Taken together these hisses and tones and moans and shrieks make a pandemonium that one doesn't care to listen to very long. The noise of these trees is a great nuisance to the farmers who live near the grove, and it has been heard to the westward a distance of eight miles. Its roaring is looked upon by the people living within hearing distance of it as a precursor of a storm. Among the hills and valleys it is often impossible to tell correctly in what direction the wind is blowing, but when the noise of the singing trees is heard the wind is known to be blowing from the southeast, and preparations are at once made for a storm.

In September, during what is known as the equinoctial storm, above the howling of the wind the roar rises and falls like the moaning of 10,000 levathians in the agonies of death.

—Connecticut Cour. Philadelphian Times.

Rosemary.
In the south of Europe the rosemary has long had magic properties ascribed to it. The Spanish ladies used to wear it as a garland against the evil eye, and the Portuguese called it the Elixir plant and dedicated it to the fairies. The idea of the antidote may have been due to a confusion of the name with that of the Virgin, but as a matter of fact the "Rosmarinus" is frequently mentioned by old Latin writers, including Homer and Ovid. The name came from the fondness of the plant for the seashore, where it often gets sprinkled with the "ros" or dew of the sea, that is to say, sea spray. Another cause of confusion perhaps was that the leaves of the plant somewhat resemble those of the juniper, which in medieval times was held sacred to the Virgin Mary. —All the Year Round.

General surprise succeeded the funeral of a rich man in England. At his request 400 of his intimate friends were invited to the funeral, but only twenty-nine went. The other 371 were somewhat dejected eight days later when the will was read. It gave to each person who attended the funeral a sum of money—\$1,000 to each man and \$1,600 to each woman. —Yankee Blade.

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MISCHIEVOUS JANE.

BY THE HAND OF TOWER HALL.

A mother's pet, a hit to Jane,
Who was but four years old,
With azure eyes o'er rosy cheeks
And curls like skeins of gold;
One morning searched the pantry shelves
When the mother was not by;
And took with dimpled hands from one
A nicely baked mince pie.

Then knelt in hand upon the floor,
She coolly took a seat,
And gave the cat and kittens each
A piece of pie to eat.

"I couldn't help it, Ma," said Jane,
"I'll have the pussy so."
The girl who couldn't help it grew
From needing cats to need a dog.

To